

# The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.  
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE,  
Bloomfield, N. J.

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THE  
SATURDAY GAZETTE,  
BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.  
BELLVILLE, CALDWELL AND YERONA.

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Manuella  
A FAMILY STORY.  
(Written for the SATURDAY GAZETTE.)

He brought with him a physician whom  
Uncle had employed once before—a young  
man but one who had already acquired a  
fine reputation and had risen to a high de-  
gree of eminence in his profession, Dr.  
Mark Reamer.

He staid with Aunt all the morning and  
came to see her every day until her death,  
for even as she had said, she did not live  
long after that dreadful day. Her breath  
grew fainter, until fast failing strength was  
completely gone. Nothing could be done  
for her, and though it was hard to see her  
pass away so soon, still I could not wish  
her life prolonged in so much misery. The  
smiling, beautiful portrait in the grand  
parlor seemed a mockery of the wasted  
form that lay stiff and cold beneath it, and  
was all of which one could judge of what  
she once had been. After it was all over  
and the family burial vault had received  
into its dark dampness, another silent oc-  
cupant, a sombre gloom settled upon the  
Hall. It was only the middle of Decem-  
ber, Thanksgiving had gone by unnoticed,  
and with unpeppable dread I looked for-  
ward to the long winter. One day Will  
Ashley spoke to me of his going away—  
thinking that he was no longer wanted.  
Uncle was most of the time in his library,  
and Eleanor shut up in her room except  
when Mr. Thorne came, which was less fre-  
quent than ever before. But I begged him to  
stay, at least until Christmas, for I feared  
I should become demented, if left alone  
with those two. At last he consented and  
the only pleasure to which I can look back  
during those long days was riding or walk-  
ing with him. Sometimes I accompanied  
him on sketching expeditions, and watch-  
ed while he drew upon his paper the sharp  
outline of a distant mountain, the gentle  
slope of the nearer undulating hills, or the  
picturesque form of some knarled tree.

One afternoon as we came up the road,  
returning from a long tramp, we saw the  
well-known horse and rider enter the iron  
gate at the foot of the Park. We had  
given up speaking of Mr. Thorne as one  
does a disagreeable subject, but suddenly  
Will turned to me, saying, "Ellie are you  
too tired to walk in the Park while I  
have something to say to you?"

It was just sun-set. The long rows of  
trees arching the paths leading up to the  
Hall, stretched their naked arms above us,  
with their waving crests all aflame in the  
Western light, and their dead, cast-off  
leaves rustling under our tread. We talk-  
ed over the whole situation of affairs at  
the Hall. Will was sure that Eleanor and  
Mr. Thorne would be married at least by  
Christmas time, which was then only two  
weeks off. He said he had become ac-  
quainted with a number of facts. My  
Uncle was a poor man. His lordly man-  
sion and grounds would soon have to be  
sacrificed, unless relief came from some  
unknown quarter, and believing Mr.  
Thorne to be a wealthy man, he was urging  
on the marriage. On the other hand Mr.  
Thorne supposed my Uncle to be possessed  
of great means, and Will thought he was  
marrying Eleanor more for the Hall and  
Park than for her own sake. He had also  
been to the city a number of times, and  
while there had made inquiries concerning  
Mr. Thorne, and from all he could learn,  
that gentleman had not made a favorable  
impression, being deeply in debt at various  
Hotels and other places. I asked Will  
what he thought of Eleanor's strange con-  
duct, and whether she knew of her father's  
state of affairs. He said he did not  
know; he could not understand her ac-  
tions nor discover what motives prompted  
them. She either loved Mr. Thorne with a  
powerful, blind love, and was determined  
to follow the guidance of her own mad  
will; or, if she was aware of her father's  
poverty, he had thought, perhaps she, also  
believing Mr. Thorne to be rich, designed  
by marrying, to help lighten her father's  
burden, for she had always shown a deeper  
affection for him than for any one else.  
Will had been greatly shocked by her be-  
haviour towards her mother, and declared  
that she deserved any amount of misery she  
brought upon herself; he knew her chosen  
husband would truly prove a thorn in  
the flesh; and he did not pity her. "But  
I pity her Will," I said, "I can't help it. I  
wish we could save her!" "She won't be  
saved, little Ellie," he replied. "She might  
have heeded her mother's warning. It is  
too late now."

We walked on in silence beneath the  
moonlight trees,—in the silence that always  
follows these saddest of words, "Too late!"  
The long black shadows across our path  
grew broader and broader, until they fold-  
ed over upon one another and became one  
mass of shade. At last we turned our  
steps toward the Hall. As we were ascend-  
ing the stone steps, I broke the stillness,  
saying softly, "Will, do you remember  
what Aunt said about her picture follow-  
ing?" "Do you believe it possible?" Why  
Ellie, he said laughing. Have you grown  
nervous out here in the cold so long? A

picture is only an inanimate thing. I  
know it, I answered, but I could not not  
help thinking about it. How dark it has  
grown.

The waiting light had faded, and the  
chilly night air made me shiver. We had  
reached the doorway. Something made us  
both turn and look back into the black-  
ness beyond. "Not even a moon, Will, it's  
all dark together," I whispered. "You're not  
afraid little one, are you?" said he gently.  
"You have your parents still to come back  
to you, so perhaps you will go to them  
some day." "Oh Will, I cried, I have not  
heard from them in so long. I may never  
see them again." "Keep on hoping, Ellie,  
see, there has a bright star just kindled its  
flame to cheer you. Come we'll find com-  
fort in a cup of warm tea." The two weeks  
before Christmas passed slowly along. The  
wedding was announced for that day as  
Will had predicted, and all necessary ar-  
rangements made. The sacred eve came.  
The Hall was still. I wandered alone  
through the great rooms which had been  
trimmed with greens. Suddenly I was  
seized with a desire to look at Aunt's por-  
trait, and softly opening the massive door  
into the long parlor, I crept in, lighting  
one of the tapers before me. The mantle-  
piece, half trembling, I lifted my eyes—those  
of my Aunt, calm and mild, met mine with  
the same old look, and the smile on the  
lip was unchanged.

I breathed more freely, and in a few min-  
utes extinguished the taper, and with a  
lighter heart made my way out of the  
room. Shortly after I retired. Everything  
was ready for the morrow. The usual pre-  
sents for the plantation hands and the  
house servants were all prepared. The  
hour of noon had been fixed for the wed-  
ding. A great dinner was to follow, after  
which the two were to leave on their bridal  
trip, intending to go further South.

As I passed up stairs I met Rose Eleanor's  
maid, with her hands full of flowers. She  
said her lady wished them placed in the  
parlor as it was cooler than in her room.  
"I have just been in there," I said, "Every-  
thing is all right. Put the key under the  
mat when you come out," and I bade her  
good-night.

The next morning the Hall was astir  
and early. Every one was busy and  
striving to make things wear a festive look,  
but still there was an indescribable un-  
settled feeling prevalent that seemed to pervade  
the busy air. Eleanor had vowed her in-  
tention to be married directly under her  
mother's portrait. I think her Father  
would have preferred the drawing-room as  
it was much pleasanter in winter than any  
other, but she was not to be moved from  
her decision. So the parlor had been  
warmed and trimmed likewise with beau-  
tiful Christmas greens. I forgot to say  
that Rose was also in the room that morn-  
ing when the fatal scene occurred be-  
tween my Aunt and Cousin. Of course the  
prediction concerning the picture was in  
the mouth of every servant in a short time.  
There was no class of beings so superstitious  
as ignorant blacks, and all upon the whole  
plantation looked forward to the verifica-  
tion of Missus' last words.

The morning passed and the hour  
drew near. Eleanor was being arrayed  
in her bridal robes. She had procured  
everything as fine as was possible. She  
had some money of her own left her by her  
mother's father, and think she must have  
provided that, for her father was not able to  
take me long to dress, and after my hair  
was arranged, I dismissed Sallie, my pretty  
mulatto maid, and finished my own prepa-  
rations. Then I went out to the head of  
the stairs and looked down below to watch  
the arrivals. They were not many. Mr.  
Thorne and a few of his friends, and the  
neighbors who were joined my Uncle's.  
Wondering if Will had gone down,  
I walked along the hall to his door. Some-  
thing on the mat before it, caught my eye.  
It was one of his paint brushes. I picked  
it up, but holding it carefully, it fell from  
my hand, and striking my dress left a touch  
of dark paint on the light brocade silk.  
I started. What could Will be doing with  
his colors on Christmas morning, at that  
hour? His door was open on a crack.  
I pushed it open and went in, but no one  
was there. So, leaving the brush on the  
table, I again went out into the hall. Soon  
it was time to go down. Uncle had come  
up and had joined Eleanor as he was to  
lead her below. While I stood wondering  
where Will was, for he and I were to pre-  
cede them, suddenly he appeared, calmly  
walking up the stairs. As I took his arm  
I whispered, "where have you been? See!  
I found your brush and stained my dress!"  
He gave a quick glance at it, then said,  
"Thank! be brave, Ellie; keep your eyes on  
the floor, come, and we began to descend  
to the broad staircase. Eleanor's  
heavy satin robes rustled behind us, as she  
and her father followed. We advanced  
between the rows of friends until we  
reached the parlor door, where Mr. Thorne  
stood waiting to receive his bride. Will  
and I then took our places behind them,  
the minister before them, and the doors  
were swung open.

As I crossed the threshold no mortal  
power could keep my eyes from lifting to  
the portrait. They met again those of my  
aunt, as they had the evening before. No  
never again as then, for they had gleamed  
tenderly upon me, and now they were full  
of piercing anger. A heavy frown dark-  
ened the brow, the once warm and smiling  
lips that had so sweetly  
smiled were pressed together as if in  
anguish.

I made no sound—I could not speak,  
but clung to Will in silent terror. I looked  
at Eleanor, dimly wondering whether  
she would shriek or faint, but, after gas-  
ing a few seconds steadily at the awful  
picture, she only dropped her eyes. Though  
her face was as white as the lace about it,  
her proud will held control and she re-  
mained unmoved. The minister, in happy  
ignorance of anything strange or unusual,  
had not raised his glance as he entered the  
room, and standing with his back to the  
picture, proceeded with the service, seeing  
only the faces before him. My uncle did  
not dare look up. Just as the ceremony  
was ended, Rose, who with the other ser-  
vants was looking on from a distance,  
caught sight of the hideous face above the

brideal pair, "O Missus," she gasped, and  
then I thought I saw Eleanor tremble and  
less heavily on her husband's arm.

At last it was over and all passed out  
into the spacious dining-room to dinner.  
But no one could talk nor eat, and with  
few smiles and very little cheerfulness, the  
time went by. As the bride was an her  
way to change her satin robes for her trav-  
eling dress she called a servant to her and  
said coldly, "Hang some wreaths or  
branches of green over my mother's pic-  
ture in the parlor. Some one must have  
carelessly omitted rimming it." Will and  
I were staring at her, she answered; "I will  
see to it myself, cousin, and in an instant  
left me. When I next saw the portrait, the  
face was hardly visible through the mass  
of vines and evergreens that hung over it;  
and so it remained, no one even being will-  
ing to uncover it again.

The guests were all gone, and Will and  
I were pacing the lonely hall, when we  
were startled by a ring at the door. "Some-  
thing forgotten, I guess," said Will, and  
he went to answer it; but as I saw him  
slowly shut the door and heard the retreat-  
ing steps down the walk, I knew his guess  
was wrong. He came toward me with a  
letter in his hand, edged with black. Then  
the nameless fear that had haunted me  
ever since the summer, when I last  
heard from my absent ones, took possession  
of my soul. I knew before he gave me  
the letter that my mother was no more.  
But when, after a winter of many  
weeks, I awoke to the consciousness of the  
fact that I was fatherless as well as mother-  
less, life seemed indeed a blank before me.  
How kind they all were—all! Four cousin-  
sons comprising my world. Uncle, Cousin  
Will, Dr. Reamer and Sallie. Through all  
the stages of my long fever the Doctor was  
so attentive as it is possible for a physician  
ever to be; night after night watching be-  
side me, and showing more than usual in-  
terest in his poor little patient, who hardly  
cared to live.

January passed slowly. February came  
and then another shadow fell over our lit-  
tle household. Will Ashley returned to  
Italy. He could stay no longer. His time  
was of too great value for him to be idle,  
and we could not ask it of him. When we  
said good-bye I thought the world was  
darker than ever before, and begged him  
to write often to his little cousin, and had  
none left to put her as he did. "I leave  
you in Mark Reamer's care," he said; and  
kissing away my tears, added, "Fare-thee-  
well always, little Manuella," and then  
was gone. Life seems made up of good  
byes, and through it the goings loom up  
so distinctly. How lonely Uncle and I  
were after he went. Except for Dr. Reamer's  
frequent visits, the Hall would have  
been deserted.

We never received but one letter from  
Eleanor. About three weeks after the  
wedding it came, saying they had decided  
to go to Cuba before they returned. But  
she never crossed again the threshold of  
her old childhood's home, and all we ever  
heard of her was what Will once wrote in  
a letter from Rome. He had obtained per-  
mission to visit the chapel of a noted con-  
vent in that city, for the purpose of  
studying a great masterpiece above the  
High Altar. While thus engaged his at-  
tention was attracted by the entrance of  
several nuns to perform acts of devotion  
before the madonna. One of them was  
Eleanor. He recognized her immediately.  
She also saw him, and pressing her hand  
over her heart, she fainting, and he held  
her. As the other sisters bore her out,  
he thought they whispered together of  
"too much fasting and penance." Not  
long after he heard of the death of a Sister  
Agatha in that same convent.

Poor Eleanor! How short and full of  
misery her married life must have been  
have driven her so soon to that last, sad  
fate! Though she always seemed to be  
without heart, as the camellias she often  
wore, without perfume. Still let us hope  
she found peace and rest at last.

Uncle's affairs grew no better, and as  
things became worse, his health seemed  
likewise to give way. I felt so sorry for  
him, and, at last, having inherited quite a  
large fortune from my parents, begged him  
to allow me to help him in his in-  
firmities, and took him to the Hall from the  
shadow that hung over it. It was a long  
time before he would consent, and then  
only on the condition that the estate  
should become mine in return. Finally  
we agreed that I should pay off all the  
debts and after he should no longer need  
as early habitation, the place then should  
become mine. After it was all settled and  
over, I thought he would regain his health  
and for a short time he was better.  
Then he sank slowly; his strength vanish-  
ing day by day. Dr. Reamer tended him  
closely; and I, seeing him so often, grew  
to look upon him as my best remaining  
friend. It is strange that, alone in the  
silent house, with my invalid uncle, I  
should grow to love the only one who  
brought light and comfort into its gloom;  
and when the hour came, and uncle, with  
his last strength, placed my hand in Dr.  
Reamer's, and bade him guard me tenderly  
and keep ever her he entrusted to his love  
and keeping, is it strange that I was will-  
ing and glad to be his own forever?

I have told you a long story, little sister,  
longer than I meant when I began, but I  
think you will not wonder now that I  
longed for a safe refuge, and a happy,  
peaceful home. Thus I came to marry  
Mark, and with a heart full of love, sign  
myself Your sister  
MANUELLA.

Well, I have finished her letter. How  
late it has grown! The midnight bell is  
tolling and all is silent around me. But I  
am not alone with the passing hours. Her  
spirit seems present at my side. Her arm  
enfold me, and my soul is filled with rap-  
turous hope. Rejoice, oh my heart; there  
are other than earthly blessings to be thank-  
ful for. Look up and view the radiant  
mansions waiting. List: the song of  
Bethlehem even now breaks on my ear.  
D.

Items of Interest  
THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—It is gratify-  
ing to know that the Catholics are interest-  
ed in the temperance cause. Five hundred  
Parish Societies in opposition to intemper-  
ance and new ones are springing up every  
day. Great enthusiasm was manifested at  
a large meeting last Sunday in St. Charles  
Catholic Church and a large number of  
new signers was obtained.

A Reformed Episcopal Church has been  
founded at Gloversville, N. Y. The Rev.  
Edwin Potter is in charge. Bishop Cum-  
mings says there are in the United States  
and in Canada about thirty congregations  
or parishes and about forty clergymen in  
union with the Reformed Church movement.

Trinity Episcopal Church, which is one  
of the oldest in Newark, has lost its rector,  
the Rev. Dr. Nicholson, who declared his  
intention to cast in his lot with the Re-  
formed Episcopal Church. This is an im-  
portant gain for the "Reformed," for Dr.  
Nicholson is a leading man among the  
clergyman of New Jersey, and carries  
much weight. He has been for several  
years rector of Trinity.

A California man raised sixty tons of  
cabbages on three acres of land, and got  
\$4,000, gold, for the crop.

The Pope has written a letter to Cardinal  
Cullen about Prof. Tyndall in which he de-  
clares "that nothing is to be so dreaded  
as those spiritual pirates whose trade is to  
despoil the souls of men."

There is said to be a birth every five  
minutes in London, and a death every  
eight minutes.

An inhabitant of Ferrisburgh, Vt., 81  
years old, recently cradled an acre of  
buckwheat in three hours.

A treaty will shortly be concluded be-  
tween the Governments of Germany and  
Morocco, by which a port of Morocco will  
be ceded to Germany.

A thousand ducks in one season from  
the eggs laid by twelve ducks is a good  
yield. It is reported by one William Van  
Fleet, of Stockton,